BY APPOI

Songs of the Empire

for Little Folks

Sans

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

for Baby

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

for Invalids & the Aged.

BY APPOINTMENT

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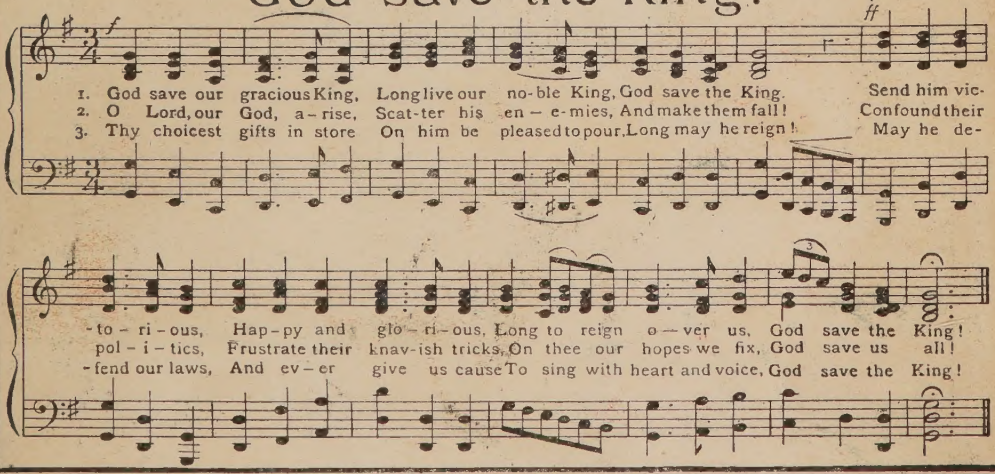
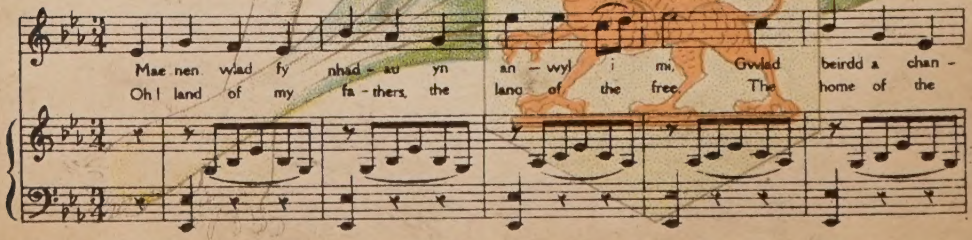
God save the King.


1. God save our gracious King, Long live our no-ble King, God save the King. Send him vic-
2. O Lord, our God, a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall! Confound their
3. Thy choicest gifts in store On him be pleased to pour, Long may he reign! May he de-
-to-ri-ous, Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the King!
pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knav-ish tricks, On thee our hopes we fix, God save us all!
-fend our laws, And ev-er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!

Ask for Colman's Mustard: D.S.F. is the best.

WALES

Hen Wlad fy Nhadau.
The Land of my Fathers.



Try Robinson's Patent Barley.

tor - ion, en — wog-ion o fri: Ei gwr-ol ry — fel - wyr, gwlad - gar-wyr tra
"Tel-yn," so sooth-ing to me. Thy no-ble de — fend-ers were gal-lant and

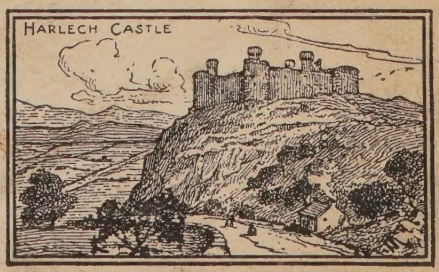
mâd, Dros rydd - id goll — as — ant eu gwaed. .....
brave, For free-dom their heart's life they gave. .....

CHORUS.

Gwlad, gwlad, pleid — iol wyf i'm gwlad. Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff
Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is Wales. Till death be pass'd my love shall

D.C.

bau. O bydd-ed i'r hen-iaith bar-hau. .....
last. My long-ing my hir-aeth for Wales. .....



Hên Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd ;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol mor swynol yw si,
Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.

Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,
The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong,
The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,
Thy hills and thy valleys, how dear !

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae hêniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed ;
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Tho' slighted and scorn'd by the proud and the strong,
The language of Cambria still charms us in song ;
The Awen survives, nor have envious tales,
Yet silenc'd the harp of dear Wales.

Insist upon having Colman's Starch.

IRELAND

The Dear Little Shamrock

VOICE.
PIANO.
1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint
2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and
3. That dear lit-tle plant that springs from our soil, When its
Pat-rick him-self sure that set it; And the sun on his la-bour with
fair as the daughters of E-rin, Whose smiles can be witch, and whose
three lit-tle leaves are ex-tend-ed De-notes from the stalk we to

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pleas — ure did smile, And with dew from his eye oft — en wet - it.
eyes can com — mand, In each cli — mate they ev — er ap — pear in:
geth — er should toil, And our — selves by our — selves be be — friend — ed.

It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro the
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the

mire — land, And he called it the dear lit — tle Sham — rock of Ire — land.
mire — land, Just like their own dear lit — tle Sham — rock of Ire — land.
mire — land, From one root should branch, like the Sham — rock of Ire — land.

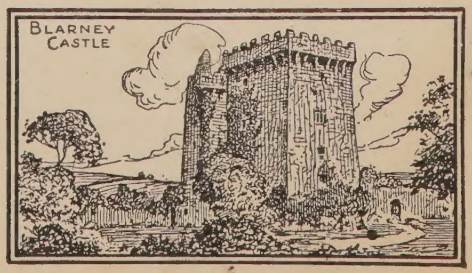
CHORUS.

The dear lit — tle Sham — rock, the sweet lit — tle Sham — rock, the dear lit — tle,

D.C.

sweet lit — tle Sham — rock of Ire — land.

D.C.



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SCOTLAND

Highland Sword Dance

Gillie Callum.

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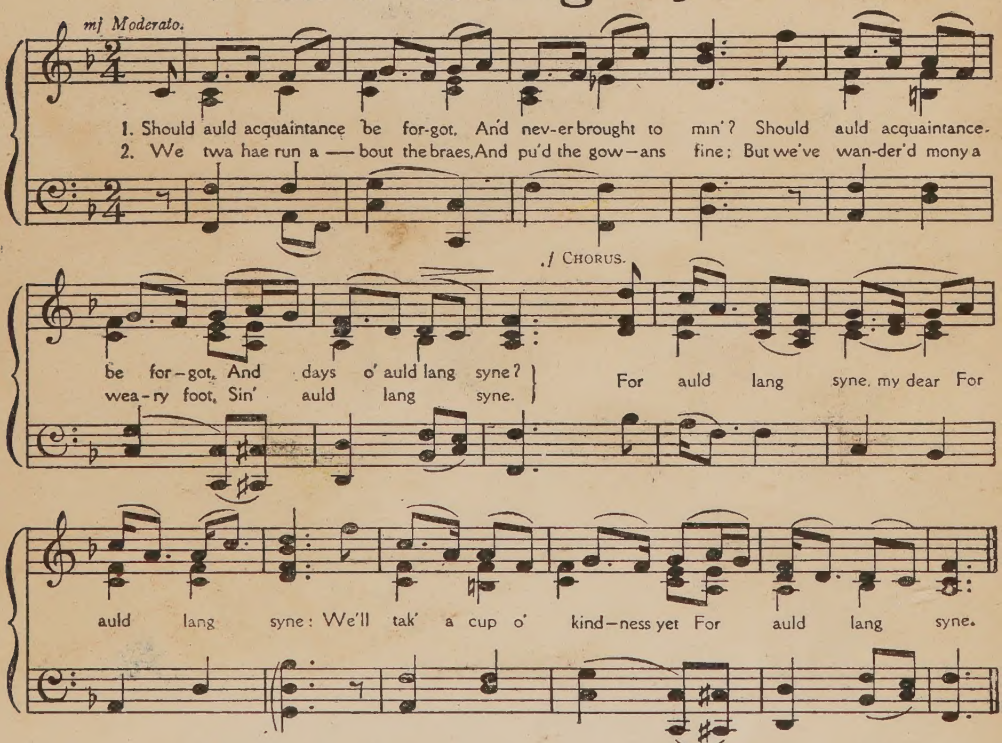
Colman's Starch Absolutely Pure.

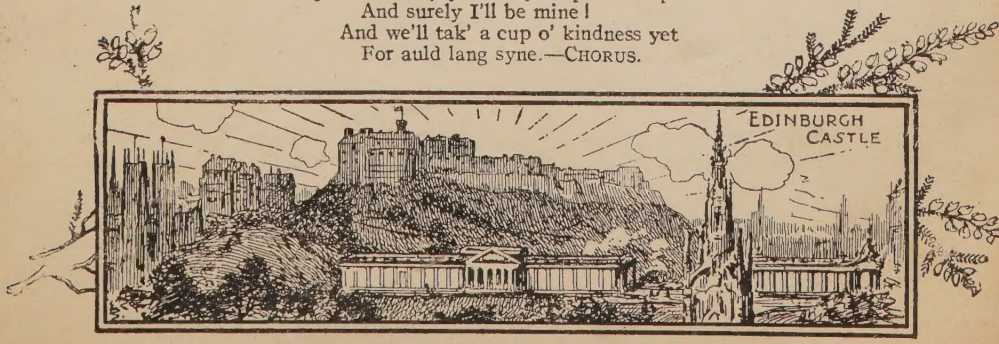
Auld Lang Syne


mf Moderato.
1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance-
2. We twa hae run a — bout the braes, And pu'd the gow—ans fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a
CHORUS.
be for-got, And days o' auld lang syne?
wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear For
auld lang syne: We'll tak' a cup o' kind—ness yet For auld lang syne.

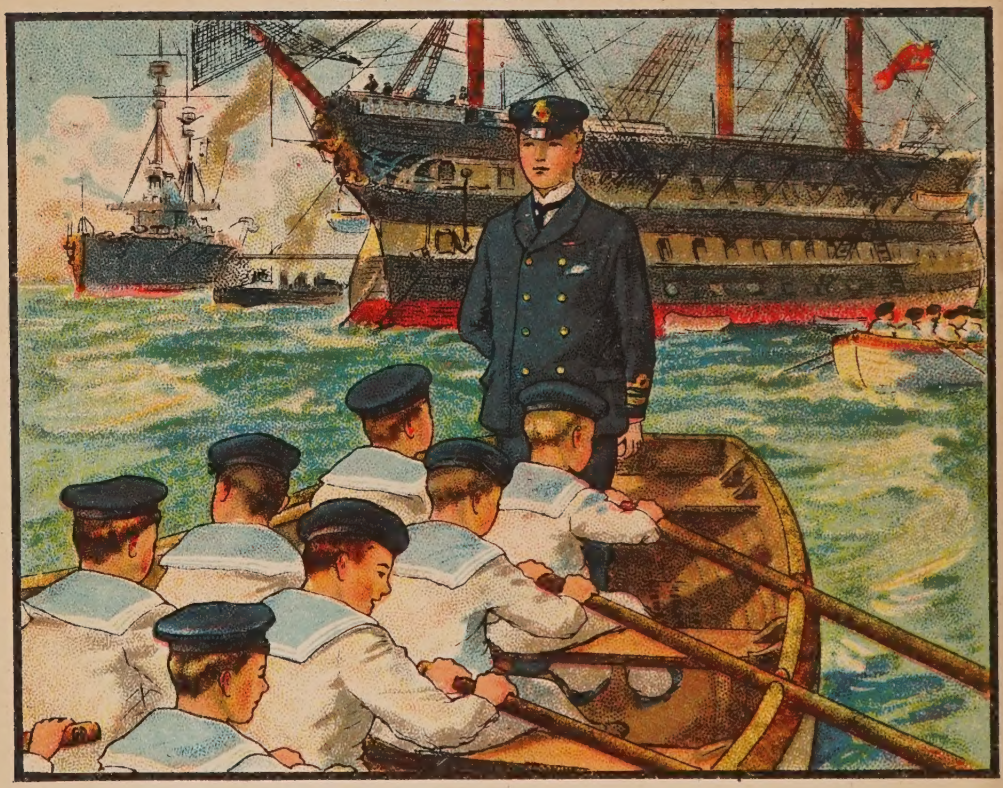
3. We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.—CHORUS.

4. And there's a hand my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right-guide-willie waught
For auld lang syne.—CHORUS.

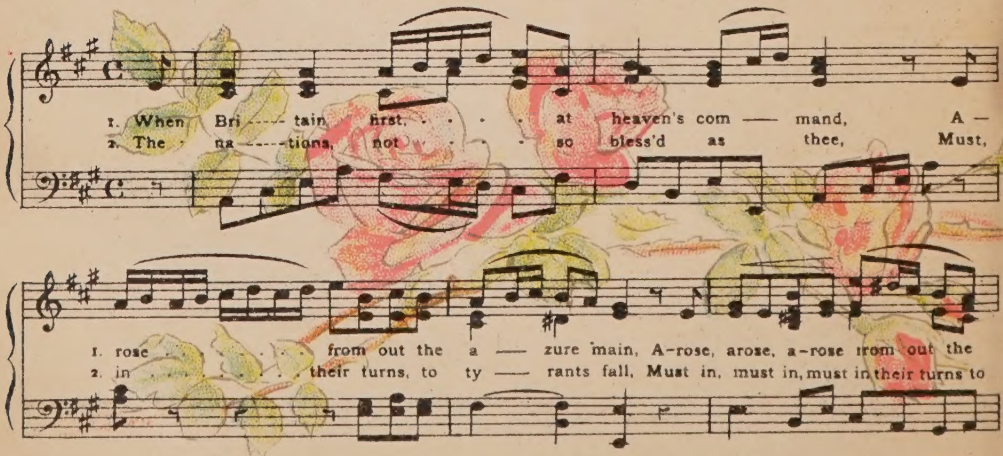
5. And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.—CHORUS.



ENGLAND



Rule, Britannia!


1. When Bri - tain first, at heaven's com - mand, A -
2. The na - tions, not so bless'd as thee, Must,
1. rose from out the a - zure main, A-rose, arose, a-rose from out the
2. in their turns, to ty - rants fall, Must in, must in, must in their turns to

Try Robinson's Patent Groats.

1. a — zure main. This was the char-ter, the char-ter of her land, And
2 ty — rants fall; While thou shalt flou-rish, shalt flou-rish great and free, The
1. guar — dian an — gels sang this strain:
2 dread and en — vy of them all.
Rule, Bri — tan — nia, Bri — tan — nia, rule the waves,
CHORUS.
Bri — tons nev — er shall be slaves. Rule, Bri - tan-nia, Bri -
- tan-nia, rule the waves, Bri — tons nev — er shall be slaves!"

3. Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

4. These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe and thy renown.

5. To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject-main:
And every shore it circles thine.

6. The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:

Try Robinson's Patent Barley.

Australian Patriotic Song

Sons of the Southern Sea

When Aus-tral..... sons heard war-notes ... peal,.... It stirr'd their.... blood and.... fir'd..... their.....zeal;
For-ward, and fear not! rings.... the.... cry;.... God speed our boys! The flag.... hold.... high
Ho! o'er the seas to Brit——ish.....guns.... The South-land an—swer'd with..... her sons.
sun—set lights the path..... to Fame,.... To lau—rels wait—ing.... them..... to claim.
Star of Du——ty sheds her ray To show.... our.... boys the Em-pire's way. When
Em—pire's le——gions keep a place For sun——burnt sons of South—ern race.
flies our... flag in bat—tle tide, O'er Brit-ons.... fight—ing side by side
Eng-land de-clares there's no bra—ver band Than those who hail from.... Aus—tral strand!
CHORUS.
We fond—ly love our Mother—land, No mat—ter where we roam, Aus—tra——lians will by

Insist upon having Colman's Starch.

AUSTRALIA

Bri-tain stand, And proud-ly call it home. They ral-lied no-bly at the call, Sons of the Southern
1ST TIME
2ND.
Sea! If for the Empire men must fall, Let ours that glo-ry be! We be!

Ask for Colman's Mustard: D.S.F. is the best.

New Zealand National Song

God girt her about with the Surges

Maestoso.

God girt her a-bout with the sur-ges,, And winds of the mas-terless deep,. Whose

tu-mult up rous-es and ur — ges Quick bil-lows to spar-kle and leap: He

fill'd from the life of their mo — tion Her nos-trils with breath of the sea, And

poco largamente.

gave her a-far in the o-cean, A cit-a-del free! A cit-a-del free!

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NEW ZEALAND.

2. Her never the fever-mist shrouding,
Nor drought of the desert may blight,
Nor pall of dun smoke overclouding
Vast cities of clamour and night.
But the voice of abundance of waters,
In valleys that bright rivers lave,
Greets her children, the sons and the daughters
Of sunshine and wave.

3. Lo! here where each league hath its fountains
In isles of deep fern and tall pine,
And breezes snow-cooled on the mountains,
Or keen from the limitless brine;
See men to the battlefield pressing,
To conquer one foe—the stern soil,
Their kingship in labour expressing,
Their lordship in toil.

4. Though young, they are heirs of the ages;
Though few, they are freemen and peers;
Plain workers—yet sure of the wages,
Slow destiny pays with the years.
Though least they and latest their nation,
Yet this they have won without sword,
That Woman and Man shall have station,
And Labour be lord.

5. The winds of the sea and high heaven
Speed pure to her kissed by the foam,
The steeds of her ocean undriven,
Unbitted and riderless roam,
And clear from her lamp newly lighted
Shall stream o'er the billows upcurled,
A light as of wrongs at length righted,
Of hope to the world.

Try Robinson's Patent Groats.

South African National Song

The Sunny Hills of Africa

mf Andante.

1. The sun – ny hills of Af – ri-ca, how pic-tur-esque and grand, While cloth'd in mist
2. The flow – 'ry fields of Af – ri-ca, how beau-ti – ful and gay, The fair – est blos-s

vales lie hid, like some dark spi – rit land. The moun-tains in the dis-tance seen lik
deck the plains, and per-fume fills the May. While gush-ing streams from ev – ry kloof sp

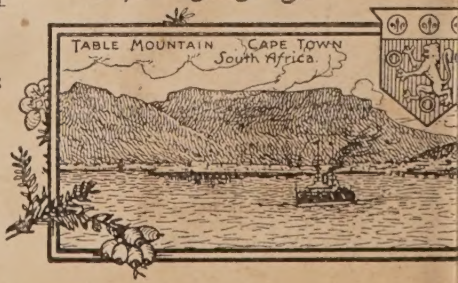
cres.

hoar – y cas-tles rise. And banks of clouds sus – pend – ed hang, like ice-bergs in
o'er the ver-dant green. And brows-ing game up – on the lands adds beau – ty to

skies. And banks of clouds sus – pend – ed hang, like ice-bergs in the skies.
scene, And brows-ing game up – on the land adds beau-ty to the scene.

3. The country homes of Africa, where are their equals found?
A welcome always greets the ear, and gladness rejgns around;
And as one cosily reclines upon the snow-white fleece,
He feels a thrill of thankfulness, of gratitude, and peace.

4. Then should we not love Africa, and speak of her with pride,
And hang to her and cling to her whatever may betide?
And though we yield to other lands the palm for scenes of mirth,
Our song shall be for Africa—the land that gave us birth!



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